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TWO OF A KIND.

"SO WE GREW TOGETHER,
LIKE TO A DOUBLE CHERRY, SEEMING PARTED,
BUT YET A UNION IN PARTITION,
TWO LOVELY BERRIES MOULDED ON ONE STEM."

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

housewife
will turn
care will
in distilla
water, fine
a vogue at

Rye

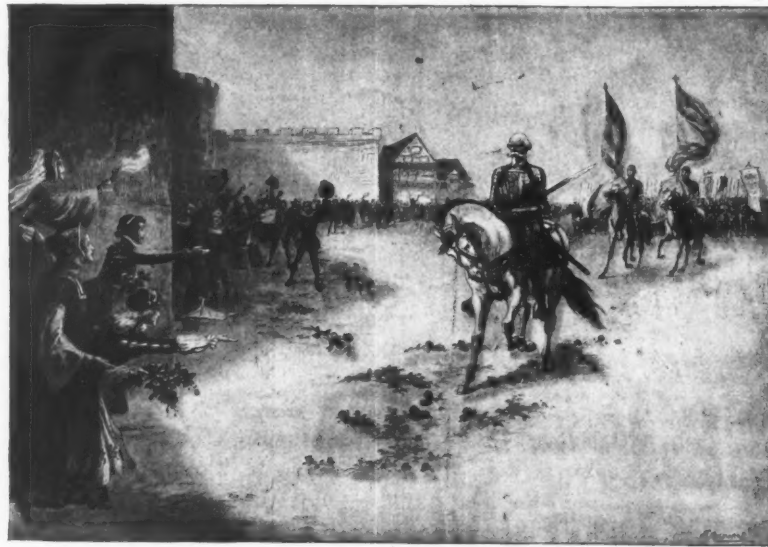
have some
is whiskey
, and be-
Buy only

& CO.,

STREET



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·LIFE·



THE NEW ADDITION.

"OWING TO THE RECENT INCREASE IN MY FAMILY, I HAVE HAD TO TAKE A NEW HOUSE."

"BOY OR GIRL?"

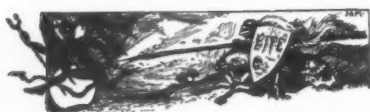
"SON-IN-LAW."

The Song of the Jellyfish.

AS the waves slip over my cuticle sleek
They tickle my soul with glee,
And I shake with a visceral, saccharine joy
In the place where my ribs should be.
For I'm simply a lump of limpid lard,
With a gluey sort of a wish
To pass my time in the oozing slime—
In the home of the jellyfish.

But I'm happy in having no bones to break
In my unctuous, wavering form,
And I haven't a trace—nor indeed any place
For the dangerous vermiform.
For I'm built on the strictest economy plan
And the model was made in a rush,
While essaying to think almost drives me to drink,
For I'm simply a mass of mush.

At night when I slide on the sandy beach
And the moonbeams pierce me through,
The tears arise in my gelatine eyes
And I gurgle a sob or two.
For I wonder—ah, me!—in the time to come,
When the days are no longer young,
What fish's digestion will suffer congestion
When the end of my song is sung.
Jarvis Keiley.



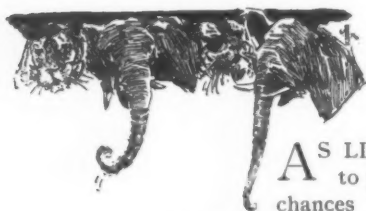
"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXX. NOV. 4, 1897. No. 776.
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Which One?



AS LIFE goes to press the chances in the municipal fight seem to be as favorable to Low as to anyone. There is a lot of apparent confidence abroad. Henry George is confident that he will be Mayor; Croker insists that he is sure of Van Wyck; and the *Sun* claims everything for Tracy. People generally put General Tracy in fourth place, but as for the other three candidates, it is nip and tuck between them, and there is no agreement among the political soothsayers as to which of them shall rule over us.

If it is Van Wyck, we shall be no worse off than we have often been before—perhaps not quite so badly off, for Tammany has learned that the worm may turn. If Henry George has won, our Mayor will be at least an honest man, who will do his best to promote the greatest good of the greatest number. He will have efficient help, too, from Mr. Dayton and others. We won't have anarchy, or socialism, or the single tax, all at once, even if George gets it. If Seth Low has won, and LIFE hopes he has, it will put in charge of the city's interests the likeliest lot of officials who have been collected on a city ticket in modern times. From such a victory we may expect great results. With Low in, three years from now

we may hope to find Mr. Croker following the plough on his farm at Richfield, Mr. Platt quietly serving out his term in Washington and actually spending his vacations in Tioga, and Mr. Godkin, triumphant at last, leading a string of thoroughbreds through the green pastures of England and swapping cigars with the Prince of Wales. Whatever has happened, it's mighty interesting. Even if Virtue doesn't get any other immediate reward, it will be a satisfaction for her to feel that she has made a hot fight, and scared vice out of much growth and all sense of security.



A New Dollar.

THEY say there is to be a new kind of paper dollar, with a big spread-eagle on one side and a simple design on the other, and showing on both sides a good deal of white paper. The white paper is pleasantly associated in a good many minds with five-pound notes, and it sounds attractive. The devil flying away with the silver dollar would make a very suitable picture for the front of this note, but that might offend popular prejudice, and probably the spread-eagle is better.



A Shortage at Yale.

THE Freshman Class at Yale is about fifty men short, and Yale doesn't know why and is anxious to find out. Something has restricted her increase which has not affected her sister colleges. She shares some of her best territory with Columbia and Princeton, both of which have been very widely advertised for the last year or two, and seem to be finding increased grace in the sight of New York. Maybe they have caught some of Yale's missing freshmen. Maybe Yale men miss "the fence" and the old buildings.

The Old and the New Way.

LORD RAYLEIGH'S way to strengthen weak negatives, as appears from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is to back them with flat, polished reflectors. The old way was to back them with flat, unpolished expletives. No doubt the new way is more effective, after one gets the hang of it. A number of gentlemen, Colonel Asa Bird Gardiner for one, who made speeches in the late municipal fight, should take private lessons in it.



Spain and Us.

IF we should fight Spain, which may Heaven disallow, it is possible we may do it with something like general consent and resignation, but certainly not with enthusiasm or exultation. It might do the Spaniards good if they would understand the absolute lack, among Americans, of a hostile spirit towards them. There is strong sympathy for Cuba, but it co-exists with a sympathy for Spain and an admiration for her grit and persistence. We want Cuba to win her independence, but that is because we think she deserves it, and because we believe it is necessary to her prosperity. But we don't want to see Spain humiliated, and if we became involved in a war with her we would go in in cold blood and absolutely without jealousy or animosity.



Two Notables.

THE presence among us of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins and Dr. Nansen attests that, regarded as a carcass, we are not without attractions. Both are deserving gentlemen, and it is to be hoped that they may find our acquaintance both agreeable and remunerative.





THE GIRLS WE SEE.

Awfu Conspicuousity.



IT is divulged that Mr. Hall Caine, at the comparatively tender age of forty-four, "commands the attention of a far larger audience than any other writer of fiction engaged with 'problems,' and commands a higher price for his work than any other novel writer who ever lived." "Problems" are important, and perhaps we ought to be thankful that so many readers are interested in them. The knowledge that they are being tackled in Mr. Caine's last story by a huge number of readers lessens one's personal obligation to assimilate the fiction that deals with them.

Mr. Caine has not reaped the substantial rewards of fame without some inevitable sacrifice of privacy. His picture is everywhere; we all know how he does his hair, at what premature hours he begins work, how many barrels of notes he made for his last story, what sort of a house he lives in, where he got the money to buy it, and lots else. It must be an annoyance to him to have us know all these matters, but, really, we can't help it. We have not reached out for this information; it has reached out for us. They say we killed Du Maurier by making such an ado over him. We hope Mr. Caine will take warning in time and fence himself in, and put broken bottles on his garden wall, and perhaps cultivate a new set of looks with which we are unfamiliar.

An Autumn Proposal.

"HOW would you like to try Maud Muller's occupation?"
"What was it?"
"Husbandry."

• LIFE •

A Very Simple Thesis.

"LOVE is strife."

Ah, no! for love's the end of strife—Utopia.

But life would not be living

'T were not strife.

And life to love

Is as the knife-blade to the knife.

Though paradoxes may seem rife,

I trust you follow: "Love is strife."

And striving love,

So loving, living, striving, equal go to make up

Life

and

Love

and

Strife.

Q. E. D.

BOOKS AND LITERATURE

The Amusing Adventures of St. Ives.

AFTER reading Stevenson's "St. Ives" (Scribner) it is interesting to turn to what he wrote about it himself in the "Vailima Letters" in August, 1893, when he was "deep in it." He said: "It is written in a rather funny style; a little stilted and left-handed; the style of St. Ives; also, to some extent, the style of R. L. S. dictating. *St. Ives* is unintellectual and, except as an adventure novel, dull. But the adventures seem to me sound and pretty probable; and it is a love story. Speed his wings!"

You may turn your analytical glasses on it, and use large words of criticism, but you'll not get nearer to what "St. Ives" is than the author's own definition of it. It is "unintellectual," and the adventures make it go. And what charming adventures they are! In them it is the old Stevenson of the "New Arabian Nights" who is playing with a kind of character he always delighted in—a daring, unquenchable fellow, half gentleman and half vagabond, whose wits are always his salvation in a tight place. He carries off the most embarrassing situation with a bit of a swagger. But he is never disloyal to a friend—that is Stevenson's final test of a good fellow.

THERE is plenty of comedy in it, and Rowley, the young serving man, easily takes his place among the best of Stevenson's minor characters. He seemed to step into the story like the usual stage valet, but the author soon put him through his paces and stamped him an individual.

The heroine, *Flora*, has all the qualities of

the accepted first lady in a romance of adventure. She is sweet, and beautiful, and true to her lover. They are always like that. Her aunt and brother are different, and help to make the group at Swanston Cottage a reality.

But it is in the swing and rush of the Great North Road that Stevenson is at his best. Here he shakes himself loose from mere ingenuities, and takes you at a rattling pace through the heart of England. It is filled with dash and spirit, and there is no time to lag over psychological situations when the claret-colored coach is on the go. That is what keeps a novel of adventure alive, and only so long as men can put that spirit into them will they continue to be read.

For no matter how well they may be written, they are artificial. No human being gets into the nicely adjusted series of scrapes and escapes that are the very backbone of an adventure novel. The human interest comes entirely from the individuality given the characters, and never from the situations.

* * *

"ST. IVES" is not a novel to draw fine inferences from as to Stevenson's style or his "place in literature." It is exactly what he meant it to be—and the style is the easy swing of R. L. S. dictating and enjoying the fun. The archaisms may make it "a little stilted," but they never bring you up with a jolt. Mr. Quiller-Couch, who has accomplished with good taste the ungrateful task of writing the last chapters, does jolt you over an archaism now and then. But he carries off the difficult adventure of the balloon escape with a spirit of humor and audacity that is admirable.

"St. Ives" as it stands is not a literary curiosity, but a most amusing romance, to be read for the fun that is in it.

Droch.

A Desirable Precedent.

ALL good Americans ought to hope that the experiment of Sir Edwin Arnold in marrying a Japanese wife may turn out to be entirely successful, and that his example may set a fashion in England which may supplant the present propensity of Britishers to marry American girls.

IN almost all the fashionable restaurants of New York, one eats nowadays to music. That is all wrong, and indicates, as far as it goes, a backslide to civilization. An orchestra may be helpful to make indifferent cookery go down, but when the cook is a true artist he makes the music for the diners. Any other music than his tends to make conversation difficult, and it is an important end of good nourishment to promote talk. Good food has charms enough to soothe the savage breast without any help from fiddles.



membered that the event was to take place in two days.

What, then, was to be done?

There are moments, before even the bravest soldier goes to battle, when he experiences a sense of cringing weakness, of cowardly insufficiency, an almost uncontrollable impulse to turn and fly.

This man passed through that period.

Then there succeeded an intense feeling of bravado, an absolute recklessness of imminent danger. He

which is usually resorted to when other means fail.

It was at this instant, then, that a crafty smile illuminated his features.

By quick action, he reasoned to himself, there was yet time to send off the present. He felt for his card-case. Yes, his card was there. But hers? Ah! He would run around to her stationer's for one. And then to the silversmith's.

The card was easily obtained. Reaching the silversmith's, he selected a forty-dollar salad bowl. This is what every well-regulated husband can be relied upon to select as the wedding gift of his wife's best friend.

"Send it with these cards," he said to the clerk, "to this address, and prepay the express. And lose no time."

Then he went home.

That evening he remarked to his wife: "My dear, Gertrude's wedding invitation did not come until this morning, and the wedding takes



A Commonplace Occurrence.

HE walked unconcernedly down the street from his office, whistling softly to himself.

He was in a happy, joyous mood—a mood that comes only at occasional intervals, when the mind finds itself relieved briefly from the pressure of life.

Suddenly, by one of those swift flashes of recollection that come to us during these moments of greatest passivity, he recollected that the wedding invitation which had come two weeks before, addressed to his office from his wife's dearest friend, still lay in another pocket at home.

He had neglected to give it to her.

Face to face with a crisis like this, the presence of mind in the man asserted itself. Suppressing, with iron resolution, the quick shudder that passed over him, he gathered all his forces to recall the date of the ceremony.

It came to him at last. He re-

"It came to him at last."

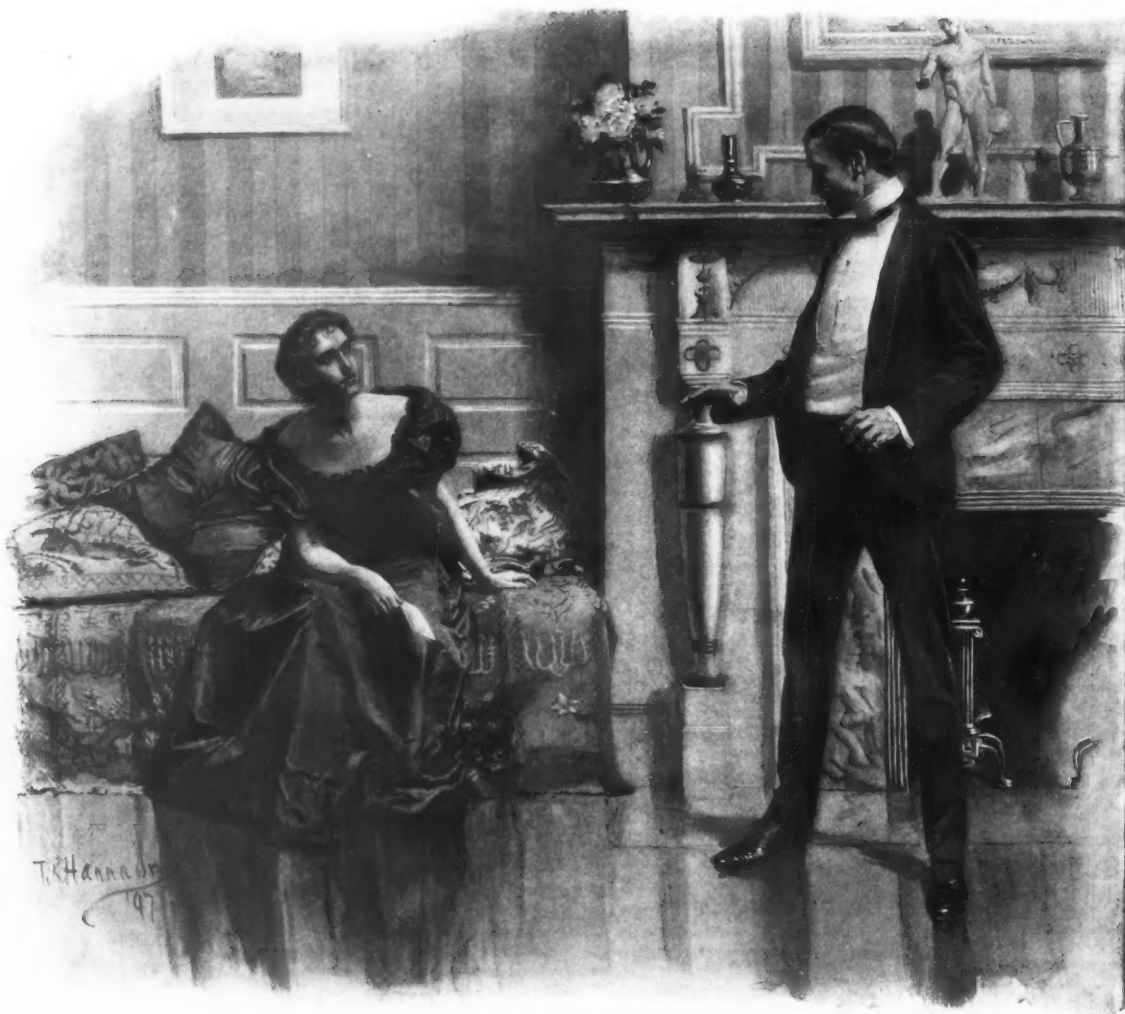
would face her with it. He would throw the envelope on the table with a word of explanation, and laugh cynically when the storm burst. He would dismiss it all as child's play—not worth talking about.

Then he remembered that whenever he had tried this before it had invariably failed. And he stopped short.

In experienced husbands there is developed a species of low cunning



"In your pocket."



"What—did—you—send—her?"

place the day after to-morrow. There must have been some delay in forwarding it. I knew there was no time to lose in getting the present, so I stepped into Blacking's to-day and ordered one of the most beautiful salad bowls you ever saw, sent at once. She can have it marked afterwards."

"Did you send my card?" asked his wife.

"Oh, yes," said the man. "I stopped into the stationer's and got one."

His wife eyed him reproachfully.

"You ought to have known," she said, softly, "that I would have found that invitation in your pocket. Here it is," and she brandished it in his face.

The miserable man before her turned deathly pale.

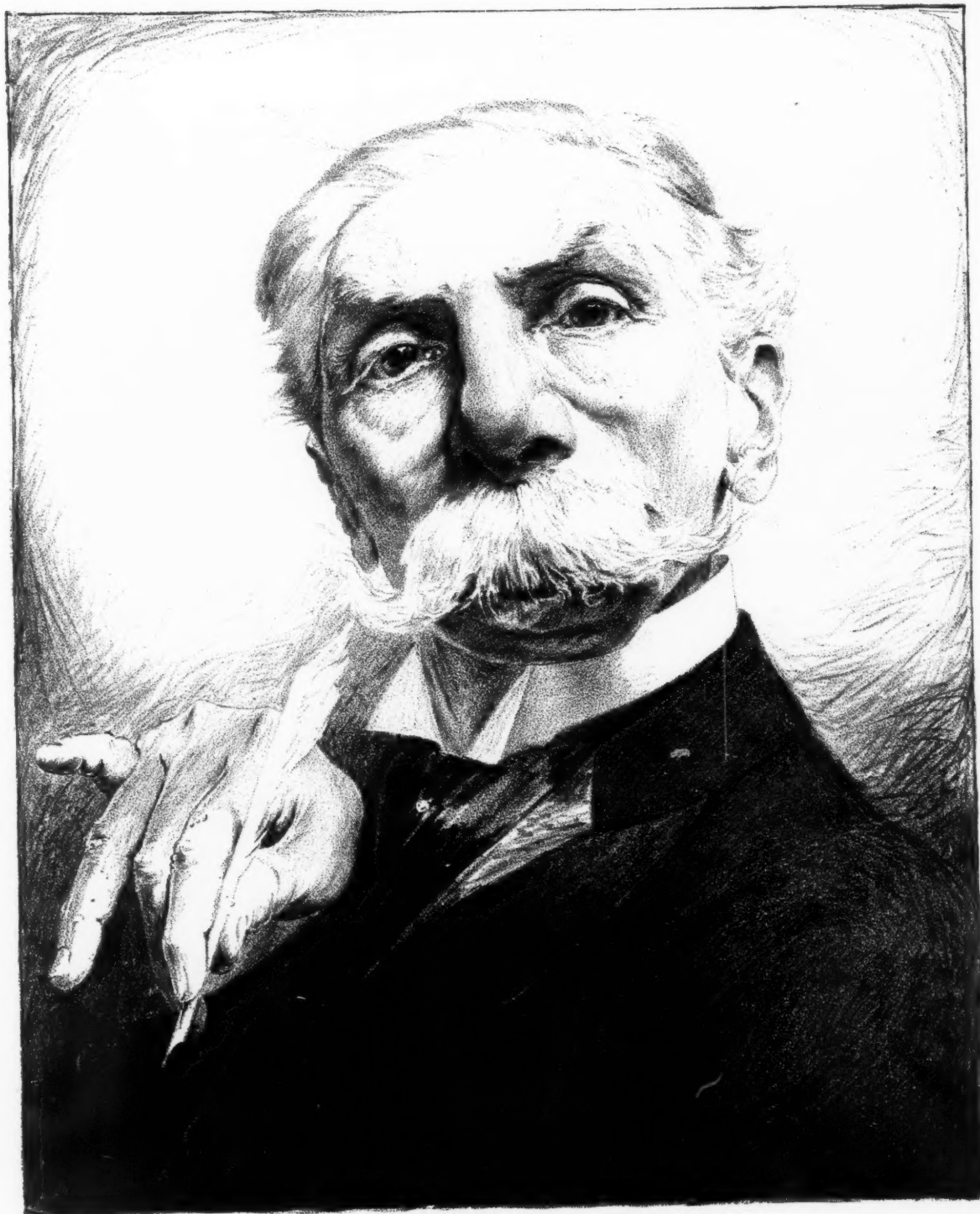
"What—did—you—send—her?" he stammered, hoarsely.

"Fifty dollars' worth of knives and forks," she answered, savagely.

Tom Masson.

Alfred Austin.

ALFRED AUSTIN was not only born, but made, his appointment to the Laureateship of England being a license to write lines that rhyme. The fact that he does not write poetry means nothing, as it goes with the office. Mr. Austin's face shows that he has great self-control, never writing anything that could possibly be objected to by the party in power. As Laureate of England he has made a great success in this direction, and his receipt of £7,000 a year easily places him beyond the fear of his critics.



ALFRED AUSTIN.



THE WONDERS OF PA
IN WHICH HE IS TOLD HE WILL MARRY A BL
BUT HE WILL HAVE TO SPEAK



ERS OF PALMISTRY.

WILL MARRY A BLONDE WHO LOVES HIM
L HAVE TO SPEAK QUICK.



The Balloon That Doesn't Go Up.

BITING off and masticating are two distinct processes, which, however, bear a perfectly defined relation to each other.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein seems never to have learned what this relation is, and he devotes so much energy to the biting off that he never has in reserve the power to masticate.

There was Olympia, for instance—a magnificent scheme of the greatest amusement palace on earth. He secured the bigness all right enough, and then belittled the whole architectural enterprise by making the entrance a diminutive vestibule where two people could

not pass each other without jostling, and where the simultaneous presence of twenty-three persons would create a riot. After financial difficulties, which he had not provided for in his biting ambition, he found himself at last in possession of the tremendous mass of land and architecture. Its existence he has not justified by one worthy performance. He has brought into being a tremendous place of amusement, which has absolutely failed to amuse in any other way than by exploiting the curious individuality of Mr. Hammerstein.

In a spirit of competition he attempted to produce an artistic Chinese play, and negatived whatever art was in it by inattention to detail or by parsimony with respect of the accessories. His vaudeville entertainment has always been mediocre, notwithstanding heavy expenditure to secure one or two special attractions. His operatic productions have been done in a manner to make the judicious stay away from them. It is with the latest of these we have to deal.

Miss Anna Held is a young woman who a year ago obtained a large amount of advertising. She had—and has—a face which lends itself wonderfully well to the uses of the camera. Her photographs are among the most attractive in Broadway windows, and therefore have been reproduced in the cheap magazines and Sunday news-

papers *ad nauseam*, but with the result of advertising her enormously. This made her Mr. Hammerstein's beau ideal of a prima donna. He had secured the American rights to a comic opera by a composer who had written several which had been very successful.

Here was the combination. Simply put the two things together, and in the peculiar mind of Mr. Hammerstein they must succeed. He could bite off this much. But prima donnas, to be effective as prima donnas, must be able to sing and, as a secondary consideration, act. Operas, to attract the public after the first performance, must have something besides the name of a successful composer. Audran's "*La Poupée*" is not bad musically and has an amusing book. But it needs to be sung and acted. Mr. Hammerstein overlooked this fact. He had the real things—an opera by Audran and the much-advertised Held. A little scene-painting, a pretentious orchestra, some actors, and the thing was done. But it wasn't, or, to be more correct, it was done and done badly.

Anna Held can sing—a little. She can act—some. She can make her recently acquired English understood—with the aid of a libretto. Here end her qualifications for interpreting a dainty operatic conception to a New York audience. As a *chanteuse* in a farce comedy she furnished a fairly attractive feature to the programme. As a prima donna in the lightest of light operas she doesn't even happen. Mr. G. W. Anson as *Hilarius* is one of those calamities that make us doubt the efficacy of lightning rods and lead to the construction of cyclone cellars.

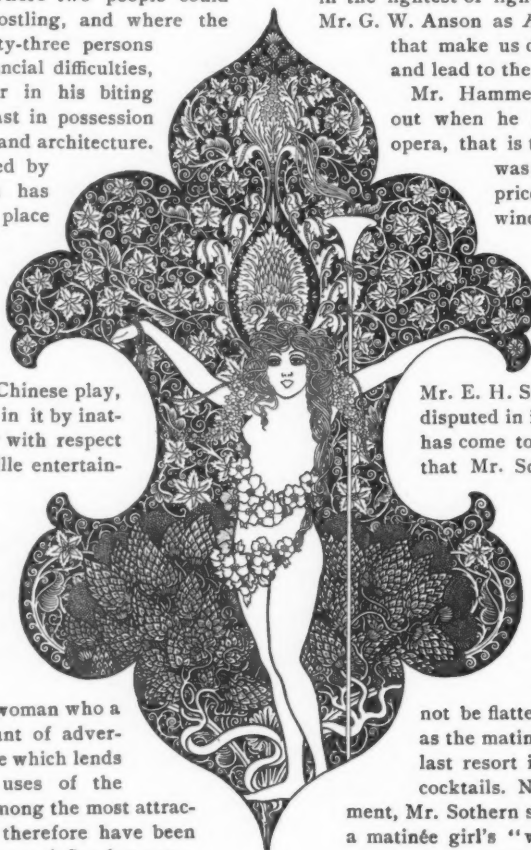
Mr. Hammerstein's energies apparently gave out when he had secured Miss Held and the opera, that is to say, so far as the entertainment was concerned. When it came to the price of admission he gained his second wind, and he has the effrontery to charge two dollars—increased by the speculator device to two dollars and a half.

ONE of the matinée girls, whose judgment about

Mr. E. H. Sothern's love-making powers *LIFE* disputed in its notice of "*The Lady of Lyons*," has come to Mr. Sothern's rescue. She says that Mr. Sothern's attractiveness lies not in that special line, but in his all-round excellence as a romantic hero. She makes the unique comparison that he is like "a well-blended cocktail." This last is, of course, a consummate work of art, rarely to be found and long to be remembered, but *LIFE* fears that Mr. Sothern may

not be flattered by the comparison, especially as the matinée girl is not considered a court of last resort in the matter of either actors or cocktails. Notwithstanding the implied compliment, Mr. Sothern should not rest content with being a matinée girl's "well-blended cocktail," but should aspire to some higher position in the world of art.

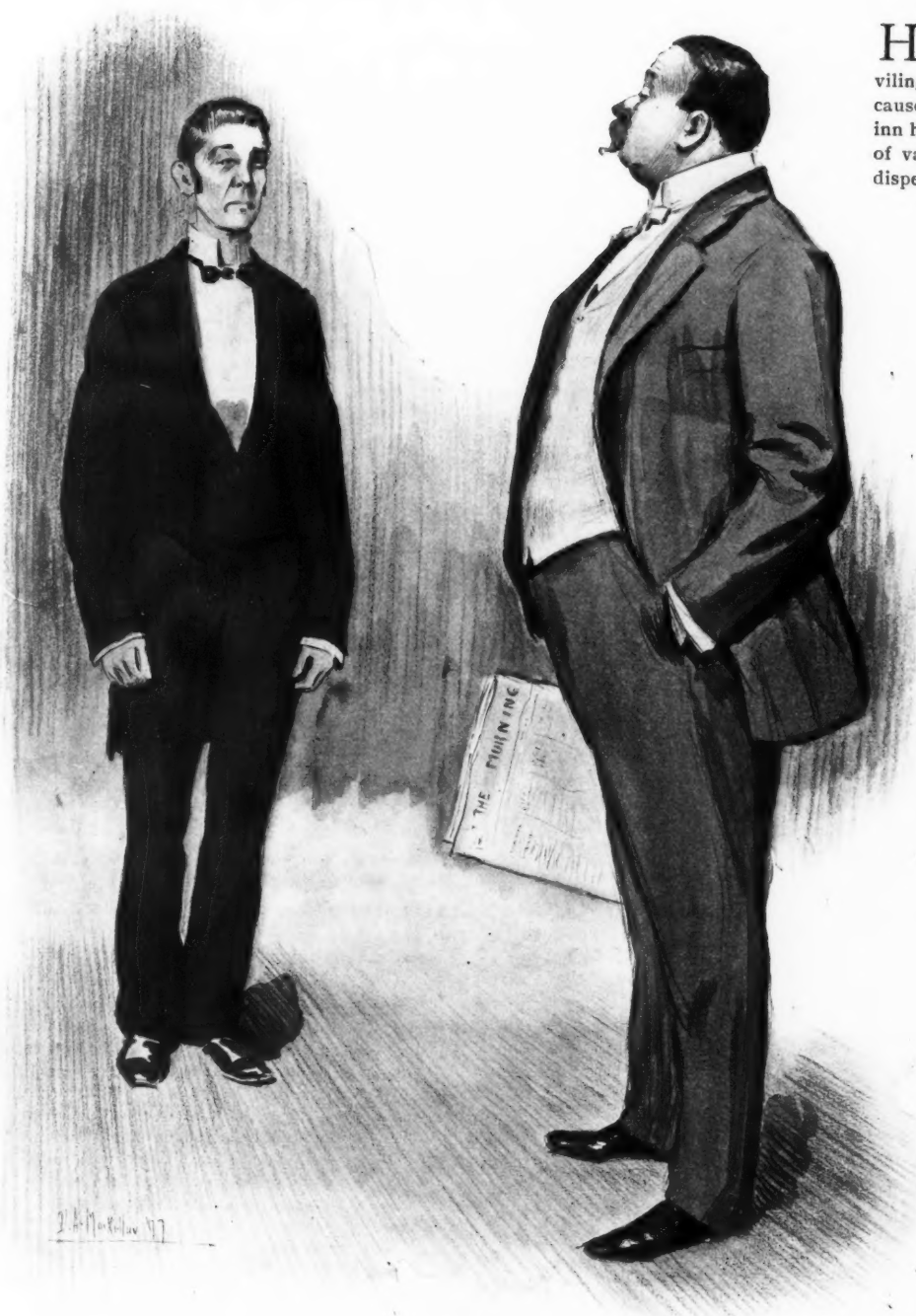
Metcalfe.



Mistaken Zeal.

HARK to the voices of the Presbyterian Synods reviling Princeton University because of the Princeton Inn. The inn has a liquor license, and rum of various hues and intensities is dispensed there. The Princeton

students go there, and sometimes drink there. Everyone knows it, even the Princeton faculty. It could not happen unless the faculty connived at it. They do connive at it, and some of the professors even signed the petition for the inn's license. This utterly scandalizes all the Synods. They would have the inn's license withheld. They would compel every visitor to Princeton to bring his liquor with him or go without. They would bring about the establishment at Princeton of private clubs under no oversight, in place of a public inn where every man's conduct is observed. Intoxicants do college boys very little good, and the Synods' opposition to them is comprehensible, but general abstinence in a great university cannot be induced. Moderation can be encouraged, and that the Princeton Inn accomplishes, because it is a public place, and because it is to the interest of every man who goes to it to guard its reputation and prevent the abuse of its privileges. It is a good inn, and serves a good purpose. Let it alone, Synods.



HOW DID I GET IN LAST NIGHT, JAMES?"
"ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES, SIR."

A Memory.

HOW dear to this heart are the old-fashioned dresses,
 When fond recollection presents them to view!
 In fancy I see the old wardrobes and presses
 Which held the loved gowns that in girlhood I knew.
 The widespreading mohair, the silk that hung by it;
 The straw-colored satin with trimmings of brown;
 The ruffled foulard, the pink organdy nigh it;
 But, oh! for the pocket that hung in each gown!
 The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,
 The praiseworthy pocket that hung in each gown.

That dear, roomy pocket I'd hail as a treasure,
 Could I but behold it in gowns of to-day;
 I'd find it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 But all my modistes sternly answer me "Nay!"
 'Twould be so convenient when going out shopping,
 'Twould hold my small purchases coming from town;
 And always my purse or my kerchief I'm dropping—
 Oh, me! for the pocket that hung in my gown.
 The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,
 The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown.

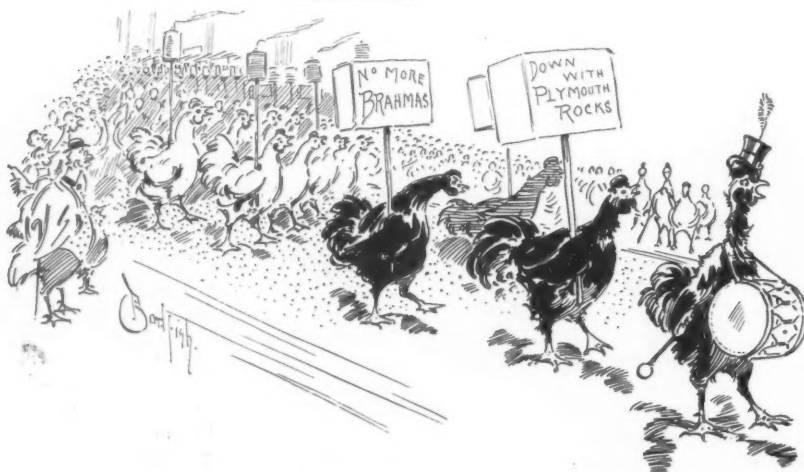
A gown with a pocket! How fondly I'd guard it!
 Each day ere I'd don it, I'd brush it with care;
 Not a full Paris costume could make me discard it,
 Though trimmed with the laces an Empress might wear.
 But I have no hope, for the fashion is banished;
 The tear of regret will my fond visions drown;
 As fancy reverts to the days that have vanished,
 I sigh for the pocket that hung in my gown.
 The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,
 The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown.

Carolyn Wells.

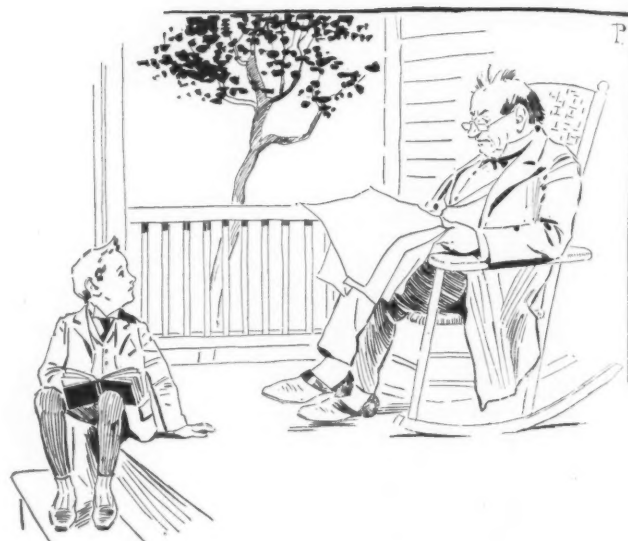
Color.

"YOUR story," remarked the Chicago editor, "lacks local color."

"It seems to be gaining in that respect," rejoined the author, observing how soiled his manuscript had become.



"A COCHIN PARADE."



"PA, WHAT'S A SOPORIFIC?"
 "ANYTHING PREACHED ON SUNDAY, MY BOY."

Society Notice.

. . . . THE bride wore a dark camel hair loose skirt, trimmed with rare species of orchids. In her coiffure precious stones were displayed, and her neck was adorned with a beautiful string of ivory and pearls. She belongs to one of the oldest families of New Guinea. The groom holds an influential position in a South African mining district, where his family have resided for many years. . . . Both are colored.

BINGO: I tell you, that boy of mine is a great athlete—plays football, baseball, tennis, golf, and rows equally well.

"Are you going to send him to college?"

"What's the use?"

Golf-Daft.

BETWEEN fifty and fifty thousand contemporary Americans are golf-mad. There is no doubt about the prevalence of the mania, but the number of the afflicted is hard to estimate. It is a case like that of the three little pigs, who jumped about so much that the child could not count them. The golfiacs, who are far gone in their delusion, straggle about so and enjoy such a vast publicity that they seem an army, whereas it may be they are only a squad.

Golf can't last at the pace it is going now. It ought to be squelched in the interest of its own permanency.

"AFTER all, what is a woman's intuition?"

"Oh, nothing but a little way she has of learning things before she's taught them by experience."

How He Met Her.

SHE was the very sweetest girl
I ever ran across,
But how to make apologies
I really am at loss.
I struck her coasting down a hill,
My wheel the maid did toss—
She was the very sweetest girl
I ever ran across.

McLandburgh Wilson.

Some Private Correspondence.

MY DEAR COLLIS: You need not take the trouble to reply to this, as I know you are a busy man, not having leisure enough even to visit some of your numerous friends on Fifth Avenue. This is not surprising, however, when the present political situation is such that for you to absent yourself from the boys, even to the extent of overseeing some of the pending excavations, might be fatal to the welfare of our great and glorious city. No one knows better than yourself that, politically, everything would be dead if you should drop out of the game, and your patriotism in keeping in it is commendable. What if a few paltry thousands of citizens are suffering losses in their business, getting deadly germs into their systems, and undergoing any amount of personal discomfort, while the grand work of rehabilitating our streets is dragging its slow length along? It is, of course, much better that they should all be neglected than that "politics" should lose the temporary services of such an able lieutenant as your esteemed self. It is true that you have been quite severely criticised by many, some of your critics even asserting that they knew what they were talking about, and it has been stated that the work you have in charge might not only be better done, but much more expeditiously. Instances have been given, by these experts, of work on the city streets that has been pushed through rapidly enough, when the consideration behind was worth while. It has been suggested, also, that you have not kept to the terms

of your contract, and one reputable firm, more presumptuous than others, has gone so far as to bring suit for a considerable amount. All this, of course, is extremely annoying, particularly to one of your supersensitive temperament. But believe me, you should not allow yourself to be disturbed in the least. These few notes of discord have only been started by non-residents, or by those amateurs who should know better, but who are deluded with the idea that they have any rights. The main body of intelligent New Yorkers know that they are living in one of the worst governed cities in the world, and the habit of submitting to all sorts of wrongs has become so firmly fixed among them that any sudden change for the better would not be appreciated. They naturally expect that when it becomes necessary to tear up our streets it will take a certain number of years to do the job, so that everyone on the inside may be rewarded according to his lights. They don't pretend to know all of the internal political mechanism that governs these matters, or in what manner or degree the wires are pulled. But being an uncomplaining, long-suffering lot, and used to it, they may be relied upon to suffer in silence. LIFE.

COLLEGE MAXIM: Initiation is the sincerest flattery.

A Plea for Non-Voters.

THIS question was put to the Ottawa (Canada) Women's Humane Society:

Would it not be better for the Society to devote its time and means to poor and afflicted persons, and to children?

And this was the answer.

Man is only one out of about three hundred and twenty thousand kinds of living creatures that God has created in this world; and while in the city of Ottawa alone there are so many organizations supported by private benevolence for the protection of human beings, there are only two societies, with meagre support and little sympathy, for the protection of dumb animals.

Good!

And this applies equally well to almost every town of importance in the United States.

Custom-Made Anecdotes.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK was one day talking with a friend about a certain book that was having a large sale because the critics had all condemned it, and which he claimed contained matter unfit for publication.

"But are you sure," inquired his friend, "that you are right?"

"I ought to be," replied Anthony, tartly; "I have read it four times."

And his friend borrowed the book immediately.

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5 CENT

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INDIGESTION
TAKE
DR. KIDSLAYERS
SURE
CURE





HER TROUBLE.

I met a pretty maiden
Whose eyes were wet and red;
I sought to lend her sympathy,
And tenderly I said:
"Pray, tell me of your trouble,
That I may help you bear it;
Some heavy sorrow weighs you down,
And, oh, I fain would share it.
"Some friend, perchance, has left you—
Some well-loved one is dead;
You look back through the mist of tears
At happy moments fled!
Or has some one deceived you—
Some heartless man and cruel?
Oh, let me know his name, that I
May meet him in a duel!"
She took her little 'kerchief,
And wiped her tears away,
And then, as I stood waiting, she
At length contrived to say:
"I've lost do fred dor have I
Bet eddy gay deceive;
The trouble with be is that I
Have got the bladed hay fever."
—Cleveland Leader.

E. C. ROBERTS, a justice of Lapeer, Mich., calls himself a matrimonial magistrate, as his principal business is marrying. His card reads as follows: "E. C. Roberts, the Original and Only Exclusively Matrimonial Magistrate. Offices at the Elevator or First National Bank

Parlors, or Wherever Most Convenient to Swains. Marriages Solemnized Promptly, Accurately and Eloquently—Plain Ceremony—Legal Fee—Osculation Extra. Elopements a Specialty—Night Calls Answered Without Extra Charge—Consultations Free. A Fine Line of High Grade Bridesmaids and Groomsman Constantly on Hand to Assist in the Services. N. B.—My Anti-Blushine is Warranted Effective, and Will Not Injure the Most Delicate Complexion."—N. Y. Tribune.

PRACTICALLY INTACT.—The Populist orator dragged himself out of the railway wreck and took account of damages. One foot was twisted out of shape, something was the matter with his right hip, his left elbow refused to work, one of his shoulder blades appeared to have slipped over the other, his left knee was bruised and swollen, and part of his scalp was gone. He emitted a loud groan. Then his face brightened. "Thank heaven!" he exclaimed. "My voice isn't injured! I'm all right!"—Chicago Tribune.

WARNING.

IT has come to our knowledge that certain dishonest parties are taking the centre cartoons from issues of LIFE, having them framed, and selling them under the pretense that they are the regular hand-printed drawings. The deception is so apparent that the most cursory scrutiny will reveal it.

Many innocent and unsuspecting persons may, however, be fooled, and we therefore take this method of impressing upon all the fact that the original hand-printed proofs, on heavy paper, can be obtained only at the office of LIFE and nowhere else.

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Outlines in Local Color. By Brander Mathews.

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Singing Verses for Children.

DOUBLEDAY AND MCCLURE COMPANY: NEW YORK.

Whip and Spur. By George E. Waring, Jr.
True Detective Stories. By Cleveland Moffet.

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY: NEW YORK.

The Green Guess Book. By Susan Hayes Ward
and Mary L. McL. Watson.
The Two Captains. By W. Clark Russell.

A Fearless Investigator. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

Letters to an Unknown. By Prosper Mérimée.
Translated by Henri Pène du Bois. New York, Chicago, Washington, Paris: Brentano's.

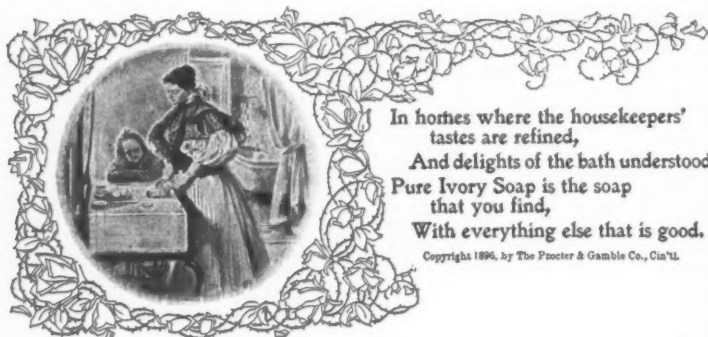
A Batch of Golfing Papers. By Andrew Lang.
New York: M. F. Mansfield.

Poems Now First Collected. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Cypris. By Ernst Eckstein. Translated by Mary J. Safford. New York: Geo. Gottsberger Peck.

Eat Not Thy Heart. By Julian Gordon. Chicago and New York: Herbert S. Stone and Company.

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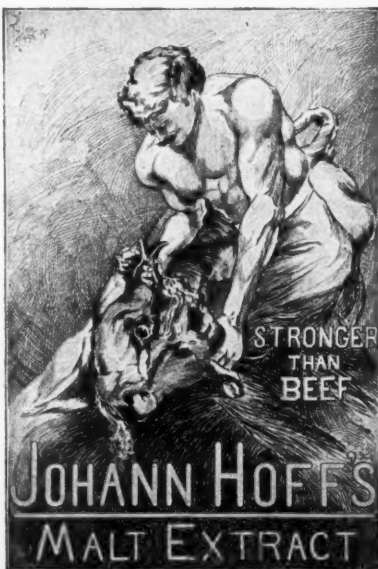
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Mrs. C.: I DUNNO, ABOUT THE SAME I DO BE THINKIN'; HIS RIV'RINCE HAS JUSHT THIS MOMENT LIFT ME, AN' IT'S A POWERFUL DEAL OF COMFORT I DID BE HAVIN' FROM HIS TALK, HE SHPOKE SO BEAUTIFUL, THAT IT HAS MADE ME FEEL CONTINTED WID ME LOT AND LOIKE A DIFFERENT BEIN' ALTOGETHER; AN' IT'S A BLISSED FEELIN' I DO BE HAVIN' AT THE PRISINT MOMENT, KNOWIN' THAT IF I AM CALLED AWAY I SHALL BE AT PEACE WID THE WHOLE WOR-R-LD!

"IT'S MOIGHTY GLAD I AM TO HEAR THAT SAME, FOR MRS. MACK——"

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